



THE
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 IN FRANCE.
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EDITED BY

REV. CHARLES E. GREIG, M.A.

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INTRODUCTORY.



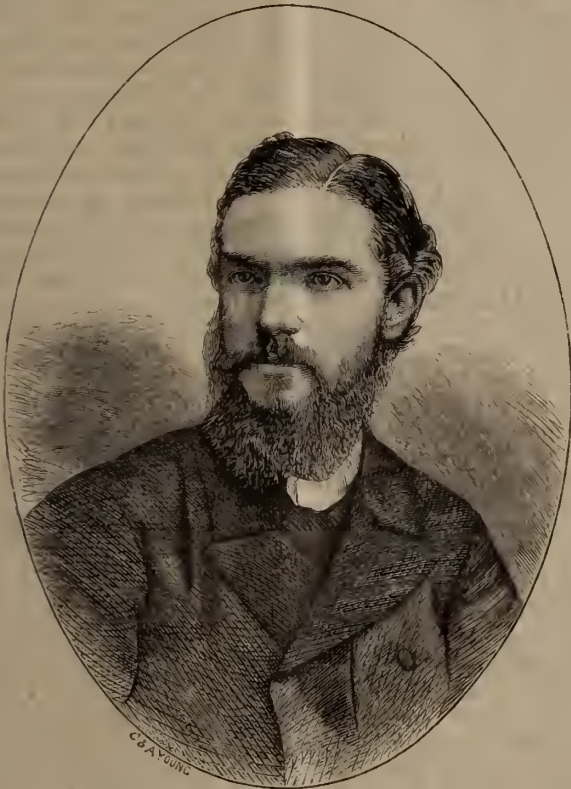
IN the outward aspect of the Mission there has been little or no change since its director penned the opening paragraphs of our last Report. The unsettled state in which Paris has been for the last few weeks has not failed to have an effect upon certain of our meetings, though, as the pages of this *Quarterly* themselves testify, the good work,

both in the capital and in the provinces, continues to make distinct progress. One of our branch directors writes of a largely attended prayer meeting at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, another finds his room too small, a third is full of thankfulness at some special cases of conversion recently come under his notice; no one ever talks of fatigue. In Paris, we have had two series of ball-room meetings. One in the Salle de la Gaïete, on the south of the city, in a district notorious for its infidelity and its "casquettes à trois étages;"* the other, in the Salle Rivoli, in the heart of Paris. A curious incident occurred at La Gaïté, showing the respectful attention of the audience there assembled. The hall, capable of seating over seven hundred persons, is on the first storey, the *rez de chaussée* being occupied by shops, among others a shoemaker's. On the third or fourth night of meeting, when the hour was about half-gone, the shoemaker's wife came up and began chaffing our doorkeeper upon his "failure." "What failure?" asked he in surprise. "Oh, your meeting; it must be very awkward to have nobody at all." "Pardon, madam," replied he, "you are mistaken; the room is full, and has been so for the last half-hour." "Come now, there's no use trying to deceive us; we've lived here too long not to know when a meeting is going on and when it isn't; it is impossible that any one can be there. Why, when there is a meeting of any kind the noise overhead is deafening; we can't hear ourselves talking—what with chairs overturned, speakers hooted down, and the endless coming and going." But the doorkeeper still insisted, and at last the shoemaker and his wife went up, and were thunderstruck to find, as the man had said, the room quite full, and everyone listening in rapt attention to "the words of this life." At the Salle Rivoli, an expression of M. de Pressensé's, misunderstood by some of the audience, caused a little disturbance at the first meeting; but the second, held on the following week, M. Monod could venture on closing with prayer, and the third and last was perfectly calm.

The kindness of Mr. T. B. Bishop, of the Children's Special Service Mission, has enabled us to attach elder pupils to our services by enrolling them as members of the Children's Scripture Union. A few of these cards had already

* A popular expression for the head-gear affected by the roughs of the lowest and most reckless class.

been distributed among our more serious scholars; but this year we have done the thing more systematically, taking care that the teacher who has given the card should be held responsible for its correct and regular use, and also that gatherings of



THE LATE REV. GEORGE THEOPHILUS DODDS.

all the members should be periodically held in their usual mission-hall or elsewhere. So far, the system has produced excellent results, and we are at this moment in correspondence with Mr. Bishop with a view to its extension all over the Mission.

The American deputation, whose departure was announced in the last report, has left us, and a letter just received tells us of the enthusiastic reception accorded them in Philadelphia. The deputation consists of the Rev. Robert M^cAll of Bristol, cousin of "our" Mr. M^cAll, and of Monsieur R. Saillens, founder of the Mission Evangélique of Marseilles, and now one of the Board of Directors of the United Mission. To them the thoughtfulness of our American brethren has added one of themselves, the Rev. M. L. Berger, whose intimate acquaintance with America and its ways will be of the utmost service in planning out the campaign. America also deserves our warmest thanks for the gift she has made us of the Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., whose arrival among us we are just about to celebrate with all due honours, and whose name we have been happy to place on the list of our Directors as special representative of the American and Foreign Christian Union. Dr. Beard has already so endeared himself to us by correspondence and frequent visits that we cannot look upon him as a stranger, but welcome him rather as a colleague of long standing and proved merit.

We should like to direct the attention of our friends at this time more especially to Algiers, from which we have again received such pressing appeals that the Board of Directors have definitely resolved to open a station in the town of Alger in October. We do not feel that we can longer deafen our ears to this cry for help, but we tremble somewhat at the additional outlay. Will some new reader of the *Quarterly* not come forward to relieve us from this fear?

We are sure that all subscribers to the *Quarterly* will welcome the portrait of its late editor. It was originally prepared for a small pamphlet which was sent out with the American deputation, but we never hesitated a moment in retaining the block for our *bulletin trimestriel*. Copies of the photograph from which the engraving is taken have been sold very largely in Paris, one station alone taking as many as thirty-six. We are glad to learn that the memoir of our beloved colleague is already in large part prepared. That the work for which he gave himself was not unworthy of even such a gift, let the following pages prove.

CHARLES E. GREIG.

PARIS, 23rd March, 1883.

Paris—Sale of Useful and Ornamental Articles.

Our Parisian friends have just given us a most gratifying proof of Christian affection and interest in our enterprise. Without any suggestion on our part, a proposal was made, early in the year, to organise a useful and fancy sale on behalf of the Mission. A large number of ladies, representing the evangelical French Protestants of all denominations, warmly responded to the appeal, and all was organised and carried out by them, so as not to cost us one moment's time or anxiety. A singularly touching circumstance occurred at the time of issuing the appeal. On the day in which it was prepared for signature, Madame St. Hilaire, wife of our venerable friend, Professor St. Hilaire, was extremely ill. She believed it to be the last day of her life. Making a great effort, she begged that the paper might be brought quickly to her house, "for" she said, "I desire to sign it, if it should be the last act of my life, to show my love to the dear Mission." Our friend was spared for some weeks, but ere the sale took place, had gone to be with her Saviour.

The sale was held 22nd and 23rd February, in a beautiful hall (Salle Kriegelstein) in the centre of Paris. It presented a brilliant and animating spectacle. Some of the objects offered for sale possessed special interest. One was an elegant carpet, fabricated by the hands of ladies at Montpellier, the materials of which had cost over 200 francs. Very many useful articles were the work of extremely poor women, attendants of the Mission and of Madame Dalencourt's meetings. Our indefatigable friend, Madame Keller, presided at a stall abundantly supplied with provisions, fruits, flowers, &c., from the south of France and Switzerland. Nearly every part of France was represented. Among ladies who served were the venerable Madame André-Walther, the Countess de Castries, &c. The French pastors' wives and families were distinguished by their assiduity. The Rev. F. J. C. Moran, of the British Embassy Church, also most kindly organised a stall. There was a crowded attendance, and the receipts amounted to 26,000 francs (£1040).

On visiting the sale, we ourselves felt what could not be expressed. The affectionate interest manifested on every hand went to our heart. We seemed to be in the midst of a large

family circle, drawn around us by sympathy with our effort to lead the people of the country of our adoption to Christ. After our sojourn of eleven years and a-half, we felt that it had ceased to be for us a land of strangers. We came away fired with new zeal for the sacred enterprise.

R. W. McALL.

AUTEUIL, PARIS, 13th March, 1883.

An Unlikely-Looking Convert.

One evening as we were leaving the Salle St. Honoré, a young man covered with rags asked us to help him to get a night's lodging. His dirtiness was so extreme, that I took him for one of those lazy vagabonds who live upon the pity of the public, and wondered why, being still so young, he did not work. More than once afterwards, I saw him at the meeting, but I could not conquer the disgust caused by his evident want of cleanliness. As he always sat in the same place, it was some time before I noticed that his worn coat of coarse cloth, a whole world too large for his shrunken figure, had an empty sleeve, a fact which might well account, in some measure at least, for his manifest want of employment. Later on, I discovered that he had a magnificent voice, and a few days after I was struck, as I sat opposite to him, with the expression of his face while he sang; the spirit of prayer had lit it up—he appeared a totally different creature. An instant after he was drinking in greedily the words of the speaker, his face beaming as he heard of the Saviour's love. My antipathy had vanished; and when he rose up to go, I followed him. A few questions drew from him his history. He belonged to a very respectable family in the Departement du Nord; his father, a *pharmacien* in one of the *sous-préfectures*, had had a little money, and had given his sons a university education; my beggar was a *bachelier ès lettres*! The father had failed and died soon after, the mother had soon followed him, and two brothers also had died of consumption; he himself, left utterly alone, had taken a situation in a manufactory of chemical products. Want of caution in the manipulation of some compound of potassium, caused the preparation to explode, and his arm was almost wrenched from the shoulder. "I might have been killed," said he, "but I understand now that

it was by the great mercy of God that my life was spared ; during the three months that I occupied a hospital bed, after the operation to which I had to submit, I had time for reflection. I looked back upon my past life, and came to the conclusion that I had not been on the *right side*, and believing that it was in order to teach me this lesson that God had saved me from what seemed a certain death, I formed good resolutions for the future, to which I looked forward without fear, notwithstanding the loss of my arm. On leaving the hospital I sought for work, first in the little county town, and then in Paris, but without the smallest success. While wandering in this way through Paris, sad and discouraged, I passed one evening before the Salle de Conférences of the Rue de Rivoli ; I entered, and finding there hope and consolation, I returned the following evenings, but the hall was so closely packed that my weak shoulder was constantly hurt in the crowd, and I made my way to the Salle St. Honoré, where I have never missed a night since, except during eight days when I was ill and could not go out."

"Where do you live?" I asked. "When I came to Paris I took a small room for fifteen francs a month, but I had to give it up when the 200 francs I brought with me came to an end, which they were not long of doing. Since then I have slept in these horrible dens, at forty centimes a night, where one does not even venture to take off one's clothes in case of not finding them again next morning." He showed me his papers, gave me the name of the pastor who had confirmed him, and added, "Write to —— to the *maire* or to the *pasteur*. I fear no investigation, so far as the justice of man is concerned." The following day I gave him some clothes, on condition that he took a bath and got his hair cut ; and so complete was the transformation, that when I next met him I could scarcely recognise my young protégé. I had subsequently several conversations with him regarding his faith in the Saviour, when he would say to me, "Ah, had I not learned to know Him, how should I ever have had the courage to endure the horrible days of anguish and distress through which I have passed ; it was in His love for me, of which I heard here every evening, that I found strength to suffer in my turn." Some days after he excused himself for not doing some small service I had asked of him, on the ground of feverishness and

sleepless nights, and soon a letter reached me giving the number of his bed, and the name of the ward in the hospital to which he had had to go.

When I found myself by his side, the first glance told me that he had typhoid fever, with terrible complications. "The doctors made me undergo a long examination," said he; "all that I could make out was, that there is something about me which they cannot understand, but that they consider my case hopeless. Hopeless! Yes, in their sense; but I understand something which they don't, and that is, that God raised me up from a bed like this eight months ago, and let me live just long enough to recognise the hand which struck me, to repent and to flee for refuge to my Saviour. *Now* I can say, His will be done; if He calls me to Him, I shall be happy there; if He lets me live, I shall serve Him as well as I can with my one arm. Shall we say it to Him together? Will you?" When I returned some days after, he was very ill, and could only say, "My room-mates laughed at me when you were gone, because we had prayed;" and when I was going to answer, he interrupted me quickly with, "Oh, I don't in the least care for myself, it is only that I am sorry for them; and to prove that I don't, let us do it again." At my third visit, he seemed much better, and when a few days after I returned to the Hôtel-Dieu, I went straight to his bed, enjoying by anticipation the smile with which I was sure he would greet me,—but the bed was occupied by another. As I looked round for the attendant, a poor consumptive patient who had occupied the bed next my friend's (it was he who had laughed at him; he had no wish to laugh now) beckoned me to him, and told me how, during the night, such a feeling of loneliness had come over the poor fellow that he had begged him to come close to him and take his hand, which he pressed. "There was no relative to claim the body," he added, with a significant shake of the head. The attendant coming up at the moment told me that, though out of danger so far as the fever was concerned, my friend had succumbed to a sudden attack of congestion of the lungs. "Though he had no cough," he added, "he was really far gone in consumption." This explanation relieved my mind of a great weight, for I had feared that the fever might have been brought on by privation, and that I might have ended that sooner if charity had overcome my first feeling of disgust.

I could not continue my visits that day. I returned to the Home, opened my Bible where I had left off that morning, and read: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Does that not mean, I asked myself, "He is happy now in his Father's house; go, search out the lost and bring them back to their Saviour!" My tears flowed freely, and I answered, "Here am I, send me."
A. P.

A Mothers' Meeting at Ménilmontant.

More truly, perhaps, our little réunion might be called a grandmothers' meeting, for most of our friends have reached or already passed, the age allotted to man. One dear old lady of eighty-four, who goes by the name of "La Bonne Maman," when met in the street, is always seen holding the hand of a little child, and it is difficult to say which ought to be regarded as having the charge of the other. Her delight in hearing the Word of God read to her is very gratifying, and is shown by her raising her clasped hands, and giving vent to her feelings in some such expressions as: "Que Dieu soit béni," "Que Dieu soit loué," "Mais comme Il a suffert, ma foi," "Il faut bien le remercier," &c., her whole heart appearing engrossed by what she hears. We believe she learnt to love her Lord by attending the réunions in the salle so near her residence.

Again, Madame V——; how gladly we welcome her bright little face! She attended regularly for two winters. This last one, being engaged in work in a manufactory, she could only do so by making use of the holiday given on fête days, if they happened to fall on a Monday; and the last day of our meetings, she risked the wrath of her employers by coming, rather than miss it. When first visited, she said she despaired as to her salvation,—it might be for others, but not for her, as the priest told her she must confess every single sin, or be lost. "But," as she naïvely said, "perhaps, on my way home from confession, I remember something which I had forgotten to mention, and being a woman with a family, I cannot always be running backwards and forwards to say what I have omitted." Joyfully, therefore, she heard what the Word said about confession. She listened, and learnt more and more about the way of

salvation, the light gradually dispelling the darkness; the old idea of works sometimes returning, and again vanishing before the truth. We left her in the summer of 1881, resting on the Lord only for salvation, but this last summer she further gladdened our hearts by saying, "I believed in the Lord before, but now I know I am saved—I feel it—which is better still." The beginning of our work among them last winter was saddened by the death of two, whom, however, we have reason to believe, were resting on the Lord only for salvation.

The poverty is very great in this quarter, so that a bonus on the *caisse d'épargnes* which succeeded so well in another mothers' meeting, utterly failed in this; they had no money to put in, often mournfully shaking their heads at the offer of buying dried vegetables at a reduced rate; and the visitor was quite shocked, in some instances, at the extent of wretchedness witnessed in their poor homes on her unexpected entrance, for they always present a most respectable appearance at the meeting, by which one may be much misled as to the real state of things at home. The enemy often uses this misery to suggest hard thoughts of God, making it a difficult matter to instil any idea of His love. A young woman, in decline, one day entered her mother's house whilst the visitor was there speaking of the love of God. She bitterly exclaimed, "Don't talk to me of God; why does He let us be in such a miserable state? there can be no God." In vain the lady tried to console by speaking for Him, and quoting texts proving His love. At last she rose to go, saying, "Oh, if you only *knew* Him, you would not doubt His love!" As it was her first visit there she did not wish to give money, but after having closed the door she felt constrained to return, saying, "Now here is a proof the Lord loves you, for He tells me not to go till I have given you this," offering a piece of money. "Ah! *c'est cela qui console,*" said the woman, drew the lady into another room, opened a drawer, and brought out a Testament, saying, "You see I have one of your Society's Books"; then suddenly throwing her arms round the lady's neck and embracing her, she added, "You will come, Madame, and teach me to honour Him." With a promise to do so, and a few more kind words, the lady left, for it was already late. Illness and duties of various kinds prevented the fulfilment of the promise as soon as desired, and on inquiry, ten days after, she learnt that the poor thing had died suddenly

that morning. The money had been spent in immediately buying boots for two little ones. The visits were continued to the grandmother, a woman of few words; and very pleasant it was to hear her say she would now have no fear of death; and on being asked, "Why not?" she replied, looking up somewhat wonderingly at the question, by these three simple words, "Mais! c'est Jesus!" When we think of the bright happy expressions of countenance, the satisfactory answers, and grateful words of three more of our dear mothers, we realise the promise, "Your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord," and look forward hopefully to another happy winter's work amongst them, if the Lord will.

J. G.

Virgin Soil.

In one of our children's meetings the lesson for the day chanced to be on prayer and the gift of the Holy Spirit. The speaker, thinking that of the two evils, repeating words destitute of meaning, and straining the intelligence to grasp ideas unsuited to their age, the latter was the less, proceeded to explain to the children what was meant by praying for spiritual graces, using language and illustrations so thoroughly level with their intellectual capacities, that the greatest quietness reigned in the salle, and intelligence seemed to beam on every face. The teacher, greatly encouraged, finished by saying, "Now, how many of you have already prayed for spiritual graces?" Up went several hands, but on investigation most of these morning devotions resolved themselves into repetitions more or less exact of the Lord's Prayer. One boy, however, the model boy of the school, persisted in his assertion that to the "Notre Père" he had added something which answered to his teacher's description of a prayer for spiritual graces. A little encouragement overcame his shyness, and he repeated word for word the petitions he had used, which a quick-witted monitrice got him to write down on the spot. Except for the separation into lines, I give it exactly as he wrote it, not only as a curiosity in phonetic spelling, but to show how very careful we require to be in inquiring whether our pupils attach to a word we use the same idea as we do. In all good conscience the child thought that this rigmarole was a prayer, and because it was something additional to the usual "Notre Père" it must

be the additional requests for special grace of which his teacher spoke :—

La sin vierge s'enva par les champs.
 Dans sont chemin rencontre Saint Jean :
 "Saint Jean où devenez-vous?"
 "Je vient de faire mon aves salue."
 "Avez-vous vu,
 Mon enfant Jésus?"
 "Oui, ma très chère damme
 Je l'ai vue
 A l'arbre de la croix.
 Qui avait les mains cloué
 Le côté percé
 Et la tête couronnée
 D'épines blanches."

Ceux qui diront matin et soir cette raison-lâ, ne véront jamais les flâmes de l'enfer.

Do you still wonder, reader, that the authorities have forbidden the teaching of prayers (?) in the public schools by the monks and nuns? C. E. G.



Socialism v. The Gospel.

[The following extracts from letters recently received from St. Etienne cannot fail to interest our readers.—ED.]

A young city in our old Europe is a curious sight. St. Etienne is the first of the kind which I have seen. City of 140,000 souls, it is still only a large village.

It is curious, for instance, to notice how, in spite of the efforts of the Municipality to give it the air of a provincial capital, nothing about it is finished. Here a portion of the pavement is wanting, there a whole district remains in ruins, till times grow better and the alterations can be continued. In the artisan suburbs one has to search for the names of the different proprietors, because in many of the streets they have not yet learned the use of numbers. Many families are crowded into shanties where space is as carefully apportioned as in Noah's Ark. A railway bridge has had all its arches appropriated, one after another, by poor families.

A few days ago I distributed at the children's meeting the

scraps remaining from a modest social gathering organised the evening before by the Y.M.C.A. Afterwards I learned that on that occasion a small cake had calmed the hunger of a little girl. The family has only one franc a-day to live upon; the grandmother is ill and in bed; the mother, a poor widow, without work; a boy of fourteen earns the single franc which has to keep them all in life, but he has a large appetite, and the poor little one had come to hear me, with hunger gnawing at her breast. This is one case among many.

Does God permit this extreme misery in order to bring this city to fear His name? Judge for yourselves. Many friends come together every evening to hear us, many hearts receive the Gospel with joy and find all their happiness in our meetings. Our work is appreciated by the whole population who know us. They are surprised to find that religion is really news, and good news. Our extempore prayers in French are followed by an Amen from the whole assembly, and many say to us: "We wish we could pray like these gentlemen." But already indeed in our prayer meetings several men, and still more women, pray with fervour for themselves and their families, for us, for their neighbours, and for the city. Many young men give proof of their faith, and try to gain others to their Master. Whatever time they have free they often offer me when the organisation of a *salle* requires it, or they pay evangelistic visits with or without me. One of them has taken to giving reading and writing lessons gratuitously to young workmen who were willing to avail themselves of these between 5 and 8 p.m.

I sum up the impressions which this letter ought to produce on you by saying that I have not yet seen in any other city the simplicity and the forwardness which I remark here. But do not let us deceive ourselves. If we do not set the Master's mark upon this city it will soon become—perhaps when prosperity returns—a socialistic and revolutionary centre. Let us be quick then. Try to redeem, that is in this case to hasten on the time, if God gives us the means.

ARTHUR DE ROUGEMONT.

The zealous pastor of the *Eglise Libre*, without whose cooperation our work at St. Etienne would be nowhere, writes:—

On the last Sunday of Dr. Burrough's stay here, we had a solemn meeting in my chapel, at which two hundred and fifty people, belonging to the réunions populaires, rose as though by one accord, and declared before God, and before an audience of more than five hundred persons, that henceforth they wished to walk in the truth and serve God, because they had found Christ the Saviour. This meeting lasted more than three hours and a-half; it was the most glorious day of my life!

CHARLES HUMBERT.

The Gospel in Brittany.

Among the stations which were opened last year by the pastors or other Christians of a given locality, in concert with and partly aided by us, none has been more successful than that at Kerentrech, a suburb of Lorient, in the department of Morbihan. Every letter that we receive from the zealous young pastor, Monsieur C. G. Kissel, gives new cause for thankfulness and encouragement. The following are some of the more recent details. "By the blessing of God," he writes under date of 26th February, "our work prospers and is developing more and more—as much, that is, as the smallness of the room permits. Last Tuesday there were almost as many people outside as inside; and we have always had the hall full except on one occasion, Shrove Tuesday, a day of family gatherings and of amusements for the young people; that evening our hall was only three-quarters full to begin with, and only quite full at the end. Along with our success, however, the hostility of the clergy has developed also, and it has recently shown itself in what is really a disgusting manner. The *curé* of Kerentrech denounced us to the police as corruptors of youth and inciters to immorality under a pretence of religious zeal. He based his accusation upon the fact that we had frequently had among our hearers persons of doubtful morality, and had even held private conversations with them. An official inquiry was, accordingly, decreed by the police authorities, and naturally ended in showing clearly that these accusations were only so many abominable and odious calumnies. I learned all these details from the *sous-préfet*, who is completely devoted to us,—Madame Kissel gives music-lessons to his children,—and who said to me in conclusion: "They will not end there. After these abortive

attempts they will invent, doubtless, some new machinations; but push forward, and, if any active interference should be required, I am quite at your disposal." In the next letter he adds: "I have just seen the *sous-préfet*, who has had the kindness to communicate to me, confidentially, the report of the *commissaire central* upon the accusation brought against us. All that I can tell you for the moment is, that had I drawn up the report myself, it could not have been conceived in terms more honouring to us and more damaging to our accusers. I left him full of joy."

Again he says: "It is difficult for me to tell you how useful and how blessed of God our libraries have been here. I have often pointed this out to you, and, again, to-day a family counting five children with their parents came to tell me that they had completely resolved to embrace Protestantism, and I am convinced that, after the influence of the Spirit of God, the chief agent which has been productive of this result is the reading of our religious books."

And once more: "If you only knew what a glorious field for evangelisation there is here, and how well disposed the people are to hear the good news! Just look here. On Wednesday evening we had a *conférence populaire* at Carnel on *the true Christianity*. Not only was the hall crammed, but the entire street was surging with people, and in spite of the crowding, the silence and composure was perfect, and many eyes were filled with tears. There also would be a field of work quite as favourable and quite as fruitful as at Kerentrech, and that at fifteen minutes' distance from Lorient. What a pity not to have larger resources and more workers—it would be so easy to give greater extension to our work here!

We may add, that if any one, stirred up by this last appeal, is inclined to share the music-lessons of the *sous-préfet's* daughters, and at the same time to make acquaintance with people who think they have a right to complain when a mission hall is "only quite full," they will find in Monsieur Kissel's house that *godly home*, which, in general, is kept too little in view when a few months' sojourn on the Continent is in question.

A Correction.

On pages 38 and 40 of our General Report for 1882, all the donations of *Amis de la Maison* and *Rayons de Soleil* received during the year are inadvertently massed together in the thanks tendered to the proprietors of these journals. The fact is, that for more than two-thirds of the parcel which we welcomed so gladly every month, we were indebted to various friends, who had transmitted us their gifts anonymously through our mutual friend, Miss Blundell. They may rest assured that on no more useful object could their money have been expended.

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